The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, - MISSOURI

The Western Australia Budget estimates that the revenue of the current year will be the highest on record—£3,417,000.

All association must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that, if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop, or weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.

A new record has been established in distance traveling by electric car without recharging the accumulators. To Mr. Krieger, the well-known manufacturer, belongs the credit of covering 90 miles with one charge of electricity, a feat he accomplished recently, when he drove a machine of his own construction from Paris nearly to Chatellerault. The previous best record was 162 miles.

Germany is making its first experiment with a state-subventioned people's theater. The thickly populated industrial district of Upper Silesia has been chosen for the purpose, and in Koenig-shutte, a hall capable of holding 1,500 persons, has been hired. The theatrical company will, however, travel frequently through the province, and it is from this part of the scheme that most success is anticipated.

A former employe of the Selby smelter confessed that he robbed the company's vault at Vallejo of $283,000 in gold bars and bullion recently and revealed the hiding place of the gold in the bay and $141,000 was recovered from the mud. High tide stopped the search for the remainder. It is claimed that Winters, the employe, was promised immunity from punishment and a reward if he confessed. He led the search for the gold.

Miss Sadie Benjamin of Toma Vista, Tex., is the heroine of perhaps the most remarkable elopement on record. The daughter of a wealthy merchant, she fell in love with a youth named Garland, and, visiting a circus, they mounted a huge Asiatic elephant and suborned the beast's trainer to urge the elephant to top speed. The long strides of their strange steed soon carried them beyond pursuit, and to the spot where a clergyman could be found.

The death of J. Andrew Cullum of Ridge Spring, S. C., from a stroke of lightning, received two months ago, is remarkable. Mr. Cullum was struck by lightning the latter part of July. His shoes were torn off and there was a burned place on his left side. He was picked up unconscious, but soon rallied, and in a few days was out again. But the spot burned by lightning would not heal. Carbuncles formed on the burns and sapped his strength and life.

The acclimatizaton of the Scotch grouse in Silesia, on the East Prussian crown moors, and on the Eiffel, has proved so successful that in the last-mentioned district a thousand birds are now seen, where thirteen months ago there was not a single one. The experiment is to be repeated in other Prussian provinces. By the emperor's orders the moors near Schmolsin, in West Prussia, have just been stocked with fourteen brace, which have just arrived from Scotland.

The beauty of procrastination and the advantage of the sluggard are not ethical phrases, but they appear as a sort of a subtitle to one comic episode in a terrible tragedy. When the steamer Islander was going down in Alaskan waters last summer, hurried warning was sent to the staterooms. One man, half-awakened, laughed at what he thought a false alarm, and turned over for another nap. An instant later occurred the explosion, which hurled him into the air upon his mattress, which came down right side up upon the water. The disaster occurred near shore, the mattress was eventually hooked in, and the passenger was rescued unhurt. This tale may be believed only by those who have escaped marvelously the dangers of a tornado, but it is absolutely true.

That the Russian government is providing for eventualities in regard to the building of railway carriages for the Manchurian railway is shown by the notification as to the manufacture of twenty carriages for which an order has been given. The carriages will differ from the present type in that the sides of the carriages will consist of two plates with a thick layer of compressed cork between the inner and outer plates, the latter being 3-4 inch thick. The Russian government evidently fear some sniping along the route.

About one hundred human skeletons have just been discovered in a space four yards square in a quarry in the Olivet quarter of Cannes, France. They are supposed to be the silent witnesses to as many hitherto mysterious murders committed by brigands, who formerly haunted the roads around the town.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

Khaki-dyed tentage is the rule in the army now. No more white tents will be purchased. White is too conspicuous. The poetry of the service, in peace and in war, has made much of the snowy canvas homes of the men; but war is not carried on with even the incidental purpose of furnishing material to the bards.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN... A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

"Well, if you ask me, Jack, I should say that neither Renshaw nor old Thompson know anthing about spies. They know when it's supper time, and when to begin to fatten a turkey for Christmas; but I never knew that they could be reckoned upon to know anything else that mattered."

"But they were in the wars before they were pensioned."

"Maybe," said Mary; "that makes no difference."

"Mary," said Jack, when, after a brisk gallop, they were walking their cobs leisurely through the leafy lane that led to the farm, "Mary, you seem to be mighty struck with the foreign-looking man."

"He's not foreign-looking, Jack; and why do you think I'm mighty struck?"

"Because I saw you do what I've never seen you do, except once."

"And what was that?"

"You blushed when he waved his hand at you."

"Blushed! Rubbish, Jack, I did nothing of the kind."

"I thought you did," said Jack humbly.

"That's because you're jealous."

"I wish you'd give me the right to be jealous, Mary."

"You are, without the right," she replied.

"I am, Mary; but if you would give me the right to be, I never would be, so help me heaven!"

"And when did I blush once before," said Mary, "since you have mentioned it, Jack?"

"When I asked you to marry me."

"I didn't blush then, Jack, surely; it was such a silly thing for you to ask."

"Yes, you blushed—because you were sorry to say no; it was not a regular right-down blush, I suppose, but your cheeks went red, and—well—there, we won't talk of it."

"No, you said you never would, Jack; and we have been right hearty friends ever since, have we not?"

"Yes, Mary."

"And always will be, won't we?"

"Yes, please God, if we are never to be anything else," said Jack.

"We settled that long ago," she replied, somewhat curtly.

"I suppose we did," said Jack; then, with sudden fervor, "Mary, you have opened the old sore, or I have myself, and by the Almighty that made us both, I have lost the power to bear it any longer."

"Jack Meadows!" exclaimed Mary, the color leaving her face at this unexpected assault. "What is the matter with you?"

Jack slid from his horse and stood by her bridle.

"You are the matter with me, Mary! I love you beyond repair! I can no longer live without you! If any other man won you I should kill myself or him! I am mad! That look you gave yon stranger has made me mad! Something in my heart said to me, 'Jack, tell her what you feel, ask her once more to soften to thee!' And I've done it!"

"Aye, thou's done it," said Mary, assuming the local vernacular, as country people will when they are in trouble or in very great earnest; "and I am sorry for thee, for I can never love you as you'd have me do, and that is as certain as death."

"Mary, you have broken my heart!"

"Then, surely, thou are selfish, Jack. I've told you always there is no man I respect so much, no man I honor more; I feel towards you as I might towards a brother, but I can never marry a man I don't worship; why should I? I am not like other lasses; I am a tomboy, old Taylor says, and I'm more like a lad than a lass. I've known you, Jack, ever since I was a child—and—there, I'd never have come out with thee if I'd dreamed thou'd begin at me again."

"I couldn't help it," said Jack, his voice trembling, his face as white as the ruddy streaks in his cheeks would allow, his knees tottering under him. "I saw thee look at yonder fellow, and I fear you think he's sort as you could worship."

"How dare you say so, Jack! Why, he only came into the house last night."

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," Jack replied, "and there is such a thing as love that thinks nowt but of her, thinks nowt but for her, would die to please her and would not live to cause her a minnit's sorrow—that's my love Mary that's my love."

He leaned against his horse's neck and covered his face with his hands.

"You have made me very unhappy, Jack," said Mary, with something of her natural manner, "and I am very sorry for you and for myself; and now I know there is truth in the ill-omen of putting wrong stocking on left foot, and finding an owl on her nest, which I did this morning, and dreaming you are sitting under a gibbet and an old witch won't let you go home.

"Nay, Mary lass, don't go away like that; I'll try and bear up. I'm a damned conceited fool to think any lass could care for me, much more thee above everybody, but——"

"Not care for you, lad? Half the fine women in Yorkshire would be glad to marry you."

"And I wouldn't swap thy little finger for the whole lot on 'em!"

"Why has God made me so perverse?" Mary thought to herself; if not in those words, in that spirit, as she turned away, adding aloud: "I don't want to see the colt now, Jack, and the coach will be in before I get back, and I think I'll go now, lad, and——"

"Thou'll not go without me, Mary, more so as I reckon I'll not see thee much longer."

"Not see me much longer? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I've had thoughts of migrating somewhere this last few minutes—I mean few years— and I donnat know that I may not tek it into my head to do it next week, or tomorrow, or some day soon, and we won't mek difference in going about with each other now I've towd you all I feel, as we should hev to do if I didna go away. And there, donnat mind me if I am not quite explaining just as easy as usual, but we'll be friends and all that for the present, eh?"

"Yes, yes!" said Mary, and Jack mounted his horse and they walked them nearly all the way back to the inn.

The truth was that Jack Meadows, through the instinct of his own love, had surprised Mary's secret before she herself knew of its existence. She had fallen suddenly in love—love at first sight—with Richard Parker, and he with her.

CHAPTER—VII.

Mary Lockwood had given her heart to Dick Parker without a thought of Jack Meadows, her uncle, or anyone else. She seemed to be under a spell from the first moment the young stranger had spoken to her.

And he was a nobleman. She never doubted it. Morley said he had "the manners of an aristocrat, and the extravagance of a prince." He suggested in a mild way that these were the very reasons why Mary should beware of his attentions.

Mary said blood ennobled a man's actions. If they estimated it so highly in a horse, why not in a man?

Old Taylor, who entered into the discussion on the second day of Parker's stay at the inn, agreed with Mary, but at the same time said, girls must mate with their equals.

Mary had replied that girls had no choice in the matter until they were asked.

Dick Parker had heard this latter remark as he entered the little barparlor, for within 24 hours he was on familiar terms with the household.

Presently, when she was alone, Dick said: "Will you meet me in the abbey this afternoon? I want to say something to you."

"Can't you say it here?" she replied.

"No; besides, you know all about the abbey, and I would like to see it with you."

"I will ask my uncle," said Mary.

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes," said Mary, well knowing it was not; but she wished to have an authorization for the pleasure he felt it would be to walk alone with the stranger, who spoke so softly, looked so handsome, and paid her such pretty and evidently such sincere compliments.

"Then ask him, will you? I am going to fish in the river on the other side of the abbey; we might meet on the banks and then I could talk of the monks of old, of glee maidens, and the days of romance."

"Uncle," said Mary, as old Morley came into the little room, "can I show Mr. Parker the abbey?"

"I should think so, indeed; I would like to see the lass or lad, or parson in black for that matter, who knows more about it."

And yet, in his way, he had really fallen in love with Mary Lockwood.

He felt that he could sacrifice anything for her.

At one moment he had half a mind to tell who he really was and counsel her to accept the honest man whom he had seen riding with her; half a mind to advise her thus and ride away back to town, and leave Yorkshire and Bellingham, and the rest to Foster; half a mind to seek other employment, to go to the Low Countries and fight the Spaniards; but his good emotions were as evanescent as was his character; and just as he felt most penitent Mary looked up at him with her blue eyes, and seemed to invite his further speech, and with not a shadow of reproach in them for his quick, if not abrupt, declaration.

"I have heard of love at first sight, and laughed at it," she said, leaving her hand in his, as he sat down by her side, "but I did not know what it was."

"And do you love me?" whispered Dick, "as I love you?"

"I think so," said the infatuated girl.

It is always the case with your strong-minded young women who is never going to marry; heart and fancy conquered, she is utterly gone, hopelessly a slave; her love is worship, her devotion idolatry.

Mary, though she had only known Dick Parker for a moment as it were, gave him her confidence as if they had been brought up together from childhood, as she and Jack Meadows had.

"Do you only think so?" he asked.

"I am sure so," she answered; and the bold wooer stole his arm round her waist and kissed her.

She sat there as if in a dream—this practical, clever, athletic horsewoman, this free, honest, open, fearless, masculine woman, as she loved to think herself—sat there with her hand in his, listening to his honeyed words, and answering them now and then in whispers, and feeling too happy for words.

There was a public footpath through the abbey in those days, and when Jack Meadows years before had tried to make love to her, Mary had been very quick with excuses for not loitering, lest people passing to and fro should think it odd.

But with Dick Parker she thought of "nothing or of nobody."

They got up from her favorite seat, and walked along the chancel and into the chapter house, and away into the meadows, Mary telling Dick now and then some pieces of interesting history connected with the ruins; he responding with accounts of the gayeties of London.

The sun was setting when they stood by the river at the spot where Dick had been lashing the quiet waters. He picked up his creel out of the grass. There was a brace of fine trout in it, a tribute rather to the river than to the skill of the angler. Dick packed up his tackle, slung the creel over his shoulder, and fisherman and maiden wandered homewards through the fields.

The shadows fell soft and still about them as they crossed the bridge and entered the roadway opposite the inn. Already the blinds were drawn, and the warm light from the autumn fires made a beacon of the house for travelers in the coming darkness. Mr. Taylor and his friend, Wilson, were in the bar, and so was Squire Bellingham.

"Ah!" said old Morley, when Dick with a laugh exhibited the results of his day's sport, "you should get Jack Meadows to show you the way; or even our man Tom. I've known Tom to whip out the brace of three and four pounders many a time before breakfast."

"I'm not much of a fisherman," said Dick, "and I've been fishing part of the day in the abbey, talking of the days of monks and nuns, and ancient almoners, and the like, with our fair hostess."

"I reckon Mary knows every stone, and corbel, and shaft, and broken arch, and ivy stem in the place," said Morley.

"But she doesn't honor every one of your guests as she has honored this gentleman, I think," said Bellingham.

"I've shown many a gentleman and lady over the abbey before today," said Mary, rather sharply.

"No doubt, no doubt; and they were to be envied their guide," remarked the 'Squire, smiling, but looking rather askance at Parker.

"That is true," said Parker.

"You are remaining in these parts," said Bellingham, "longer than you intended at first?"

"No," said Parker.

"There is better fishing farther north," Bellingham rejoined; "but not so interesting as the abbey."

"Nor the beautiful guide, you were going to add," said Parker. "Well, I agree with you, and, believe me, sir, for it is the truth—I have an honest man's reverence and respect for both."

"Spoken like a man," said Taylor.

Mary smiled in a friendly way at Taylor, and left the room. Bellingham said: "I hope so."

"You are my elder in years, possibly my great superior in wisdom; but I do not know that age or wisdom give you the right to hint that I am not speaking the truth," said Parker.

"Good-night," was Bellingham's reply. "I see the groom has brought out my horse. I sleep at Harrogate tonight; but we shall doubtless meet again. I meant no offense. Good night, Morley, good night, all."

Meanwhile, within three days of Mary's ramble with Parker in the abbey, all Kirkstall knew that it was all over with Jack Meadows chances of ever marrying Mary Lockwood.

(To be continued.)

ROOSEVELT AT HARVARD.

Rejection of His Candidacy for Connection with College Paper.

When, in 1877, the editors of the Harvard Advocate were about to select five sophomores to become members of their board upon the retirement of the five members from the senior class, a committee was appointed, as is usual in such cases, to inquire into the availability of the sophomores who were ambitious for the honor. About twelve sophomores were "prominently mentioned," as the politicians say, and an upper classman was placed on the track of each of them to see what could be learned of his special abilities and personal interests. The reports were then submitted to the full board, after which the new men were selected for admission by ballot. No uncommon interest was aroused when one of the investigating committee announced that he was ready to report on the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., of the sophomore class. "I cannot see that he is the kind of a man we want," began the senior. "Although I find that he is a thoroughly good fellow and much liked by his classmates I do not believe that he has much literary interest. He spends his spare time chipping off pieces of rock and examining strata, catching butterflies and bugs, and would, I think, be better suited for a scientific society than for us." The editorial board sustained the report, and a youth who is now somewhat famous as the writer of dialect stories was elected to the place on the board to which young Roosevelt aspired. This true story affords a particularly striking application of "the stone that the builders rejected" theory, in view of the fact that the young sophomore was destined to become not only the President of the United States, but to be, perhaps, the most famous for literary activity of any one of the long line of occupants of that office. It is not necessary to make comparison of his productions, as to literary quality, with those of Jefferson, John Quincy Adams and Lincoln; but he is more distinctly than any of his predecessors a bookwriter, and would have earned a name in literature had he never entered politics.—Youth's Companion.

A MODERN MIRACLE

Performed by the Famous Father John of Cronstadt.

The Novoe Vremya of Sept. 14 has the following account of a miracle performed by the famous Father John of Cronstadt: "On the 12th Father John arrived at the village of Sopino, conducted service, and spent the night with Father Lvov. Next day he journeyed to Konchanskols, and consecrated the new stone church there in the presence of fully 10,000 people. After this service a breakfast was given in the school and many speeches were delivered. In the midst of the breakfast two men and two old women were seen approaching the school house bearing the seemingly lifeless body of a woman. For seven years this woman had been paralytic, unable to move arms or legs, or open her eyes—was a living corpse. On their bringing her to him, Father John arose, stood before her, and asking her name, gazed fixedly at her. Then in a loud voice he bade her open her eyes. After several attempts Audotya (the paralytic) did so. 'Look me straight in the face,' said Father John, 'and cross yourself.' Slowly and with great effort the woman succeeded in making the sign of the cross. 'Do it again,' said Father John, 'and again.' With ever-increasing faith the woman repeated the movement. 'Stand up,' said Father John, and the woman arose. Then he moved from his place, bidding her follow. 'Now walk around me,' said Father John, and the lately seemingly dead woman slowly approached and fell on his shoulder. 'Go and pray,' said he, blessing the woman. On this she moved away without any help. All this took place in the presence of thousands who were unable to restrain their tears."—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Dealing in Futures.

Mr. Newed—"I have an option on that Blank avenue house. How would you like it for our home, my dear?" Mrs. Newed—"Oh, it's a pretty place, but, you know, it is said to be haunted. Mamma says she wouldn't set her foot inside the door for any amount of money." Mr. Newed—"That settles it. I'll close the deal for it the first thing in the morning."—Chicago News.

Mistake in the Menu.

"Why, pa, this is roast beef," exclaimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor. "Of course," said the father. "What of that?" "Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton head' home for dinner this evening."—Philadelphia Press.

Evidence to the Contrary.

Citizen—"Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?" Madam—"I want to make you look around, so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I heard a story lately, which I think is very queer!"
And Robert's self was on my lap, his lips were at my ear—
"A dreadful, dreadful story—" a sudden, awful pause—
"Somebody said the other day there aint no Santa Claus.

"Would you believe it, auntie? They said 'twas all a trick
About the tiny reindeer and the visits of Saint Nick.
That all the chimneys were too small, the stoves were all too hot,
And lots of just such stuff as that, I can't remember what.

"They said that years and years ago, with fire-places wide,
And all the doors upon the latch in all the countryside,
Both old and young for myths and dreams had quite a pretty passion,
But now belief in Santa Claus had all gone out of fashion.

"And when I cried that I could prove 'twas all a wicked lie,
They only shrugged their shoulders and said I'd better try;
I never will believe it, I know it can't be true!
For if I've never seen him, say, auntie, haven't you?"

Ah, yes, my little questioner, quite often in my dreams,
Though when I wake I only see the cold, white, still moonbeams;
Dozing I often think I hear the sound of horn and hoof,
And waking find the elm-tree boughs a tapping on the roof.

But I have other reasons than those plain to eye and ear
For trusting in the story that we hold so true and dear;
I never shall outgrow it, nor lose my faith, because
The world will never get beyond a need of Santa Claus.

—Youths' Companion.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

A thousand years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning on a lonely birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

—T. T. Lynch.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Four travelers who were snow-bound in a Western passenger train on Christmas Eve speedily became acquainted with each other, and sat about the stove at the end of the car to talk it over." One of the men was a drummer, another a cowboy, the third a big cattleman, and the last the minister who tells the story. They finally fell into conversation with a poor woman and her two children, the only remaining passengers, and found that the mother, who had tried to maintain herself by sewing since her husband's death, was giving up the unequal struggle and going home to live with "grandma."

The little threadbare children had been promised a joyous Christmas there, and when they found that the blockade would prevent their getting farther, for the present, they cried bitterly until sleep quieted them. Just before they dropped off the drummer remarked:

"Say, parson, we've got to give these children some Christmas."

"That's what!" said the cowboy.

"I'm agreed," added the cattleman.

The children were told to hang up their stockings.

"We ain't got none," quavered the little girl, "'ceptin' those we've got on, and ma says it's too cold to take 'em off."

"I've got two pairs of new woolen socks," said the cattleman, eagerly. "I ain't never wore 'em, and you're welcome to 'em."

The children clapped their hands, but their faces fell when the elder remarked:

"But Santa Claus will know they're not our stockings. He'll put in all the things for you."

"Lord love you!" roared the burly cattleman. "He won't bring me nothin'. One of us'll sit up, anyhow, and tell him it's for you."

Then the children knelt down on the floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads, and at the first words of "Now I lay me," hats were off.

The cowboy stood twirling his hat, and looking at the little kneeling figures. The cattleman's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the traveling man shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly lighted house. The children were soon asleep. Then arose the question of presents.

"It don't seem to me I've got anything to give 'em," said the cowboy, mournfully, "unless the little kid might like my spurs. I'd give my gun to the little girl, though on general principles I don't like to give up a gun."

"Never mind, boys," said the drummer, "you come along with me to the baggage car."

So off they trooped. He opened his trunks and spread before them such an array of trash and trinkets as took away their breath.

"There," said he, "just pick out the best things and I'll donate the lot!"

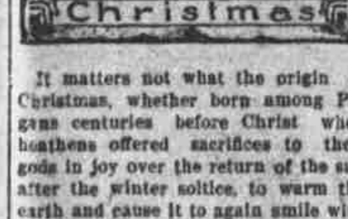
"No, you don't!" said the cowboy. "I'm going to buy what I want and pay for it, too, or else there ain't goin' to be no Christmas round here."

"That's my judgment, too," said the cattleman, and the minister agreed.

So they sat down to their task of selection. They spent hours over it in breathless interest, and when their gifts were ready there arose the question of a Christmas tree. It had stopped snowing, and tramping out into the moonlit night, they cut down a great piece of sage-brush. The mother adorned it with tinsel paper and the gifts were prettily disposed. Christmas

"NOW I LAY ME—"

dawned for two of the happiest children under the sun, and a happy mother, too, for inside the big plush album selected for her the cattleman had slipped a hundred-dollar bill.



It matters not what the origin of Christmas, whether born among Pagans centuries before Christ when heathens offered sacrifices to their gods in joy over the return of the sun after the winter soltice, to warm the earth and cause it to again smile with fruits and flowers; nor how many of the customs employed in the observance of the day are purely Christian, nor whether the anniversary of the birth of Christ fall on Dec. 25. All of these vexed questions are for the theologian, the historian, the antiquarian. If solved beyond the peradventure of doubt, their solutions would not detract from nor add to the significance of Christmas to the vast majority of people who observe the day. It is sufficient for them that the day is, and its observance is Christlike—the one day in the whole year on which there is almost universal emulation of the example set by the Wise Men of the East, not to Christ only, but to our fellowmen whom He said are His children.—Ex.

The Day of Days.

Christmas is the day of all the year best and dearest among the time marks of our recurring calendar. It is the day for peace and harmony in every heart and at every hearthstone. We celebrate God's chiefest gift to man and discordant thoughts or contentions have no place at the joyous festival. All should ring clear and true and sweet as the Yuletime chimes. The spirit of Christmas softens evil, sorrow and hopelessness with the magic touch of charity, for in charity is the embodiment of all the Christian graces. It gives to goodness a brighter luster and to resolve a nobler purpose. It is a spirit born in every heart that can know its inspiration, without regard to creed or race or station. Of all the days to which man has given special observance, Christmas alone has grown in its power, its beauty and its value. It has been stripped of the grandly devised liturgy and dramatic representations that had their root in heathen customs, dispelled by the true Christian spirit.

On the eve of St. Nicholas day, Dec. 6, parents in France used to secretly give presents to their children as Nicholas had given the purses. The parents denied that they gave the presents and said they had been left by the saint, who on this night traveled up and down the earth and entering unseen and unheard through the windows of the houses reward the good children.

In the stock market don't expect to make money from following the tape. No man ever can do it. Unless you are on the inside, don't speculate.—Thomas W. Lawson of Boston.

CANDY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A gift of a fancy bedecked box of candies is at all times a most welcome gift, and as bonbon candies are very expensive to purchase in large quantities and are so easily made, a few recipes for Christmas goodies may be useful to our readers. Years ago people believed that candy was harmful but that notion was set aside; and it is declared really beneficial—of course when eaten at the proper time, in proper quantities and made of pure materials. Home-made candies are always pure, the best materials are used and the cost is much less than is paid for the same grade in the stores. It is a nice plan to make your own Christmas candies, and you can send boxes away to your friends who will prize things made for them much more than anything bought.

To send candies away they should be made to look as dainty and pretty as possible. Fancy baskets can be cheaply bought that will be pretty after the candy is used, and lined with waxed paper over a fringed inner lining or some delicate colored tissue paper. In packing place waxed paper between the layers, and when the basket is filled wrap the edges of the lining paper over the top so that the candies are covered, then gather the fringed tissue paper into a rosette, and tie with baby ribbon.

In making peanut candy, to every half pint of shelled and blanched peanuts use one cupful each of molasses or sugar. Boil together until the mixture is brittle when dropped into cold water; then stir in the half pint of peanuts before taking from the fire. Pour into buttered pans and mark off into squares or lengths before it cools. Hickory nuts, English walnuts or almonds may be used in place of peanuts.

To blanch nuts is to remove the fine skin which covers the nut under the shell. This will easily rub off in peanuts, but other nuts require different treatment. After removing the shell cover the nuts with boiling water, and let them stand until the dark skin will easily rub off, then put them into cold water. Dry between towels.

ON A WAR-SHIP

I doubt if any class of men in the world appreciate their holidays so fully as the jackies, writes a retired naval officer. The life on board a warship is at best very confined and necessarily strict and severe. There is the suggestion of a prison in the steel walls and narrow quarters and the regularity of the hours and meals. The life of the jackies is made up almost entirely of work with very little play. We learn to enjoy our Christmases the more when at last they come round. On Christmas, for once in the year at least, all rules, of which there are so many on board a battleship, are thrown to the winds and the jackies are given the entire freedom of the ship. The order which is usually given them is that they can spend the day exactly as they like, and take any liberties they choose short of blowing up the ship.

It sometimes happens when the ship is in some attractive port that the sailors prefer to spend the day on land, and they are of course always granted leave of absence. It is seldom, however, that the ship is so deserted that the cabins are not for the time converted into a veritable pandemonium. There is no formal celebration of the day ordered by the government. The sailors are simply given their liberty and they do the rest. If a chaplain chances to be on board the day is opened with some simple religious services and there the jurisdiction of the captain may be said to end.

After Christmas.

As a general thing affectionate fathers and mothers rejoice in the happiness of their children, but the rule has its exceptions.

"Is Mr Smart at all given to drink?" inquired a merchant, anxiously, of his confidential clerk.

"No, indeed!" was the decided answer. "He never touches a drop. But what put such a suspicion into your mind?"

"Why, I noticed that he has been two hours late for the last three mornings, and he looks for all the world as if he had been on a regular spree."

"Oh, that's all right," said the clerk. "He gave his boy a drum for Christmas."

In England children hang their stockings at the foot of their beds. In America the whole family suspend their stockings from the mantelpiece of the sitting room, to save Santa Claus the trouble of ascending the stairs and entering each room to distribute his wares.

"I suppose that is the dunce block," said the school visitor, pointing to a three-legged stool. "I guess it is," replied a small pupil. "The teacher always sits on it."

How Long One May Live.

A mathematician in Belgium has revived an old method of calculating how long a person may reasonably be expected to live. The method is as follows: Subtract your present age from 8, divide the remainder by two, and the result will give the number of years which you may expect to live. The rule, of course, is only approximately correct, and represents the nearest solution to an insoluble problem at which one may hope to arrive. The rule applies only to ages between 2 and 80 years.

Yachting on Salt.

Save during the rainy season, Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates as the hot weather approaches, a smooth glassy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shore have found a means of utilizing this. All boats which sail on the lake where possible are, during the rainy season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of 100 miles and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts popular in Canada.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bank Notes of Ancient Times.

Among the products of civilization which were familiar to the Chinese many centuries before they came into use in Europe may be reckoned bank notes. There is at this moment in the possession of the Bank of England a specimen supposed to be one of the oldest extant, dating from the fourteenth century of our era. It is proved, however, that paper money was issued in China as early as A. D. These securities closely resembled the famous French assignats, being based upon the estates of the kingdom. The Bank of Stockholm claims to have been the first western institution to adopt a paper currency, but the Bank of England must be followed very close with its £20 notes which were issued in 1696.—Kansas City Independent.

The Woman of Corea.

The Corean woman is so little esteemed that she has not even a name. In childhood she has a nickname bestowed on her, by which she is known to her family and intimate friends, but after she arrives at maturity she is only called thus by her parents. To the rest of the world she is simply "the daughter" or "the sister" of so-and-so. After marriage she is absolutely nameless; even her own parents refer to her by the name of the district in which she lives, and if she has children, she is known as "the mother of so-and-so. When it happens that a Corean woman has to appear in a court of law, the judge chooses a name by which she shall be called for the time being, and thus confusion is lessened and time is saved.

The Home Laundry.

There is no reason why the clothes cleaned at home cannot be ironed to the same standard of excellence that comes from sending them to the laundry. All that is necessary to attain the desired object is the purchase of a package of Defiance starch at any grocery. Use it once and you will understand why clothes ironed at laundries have that mild, glossy appearance. All first-class laundries use Defiance starch. If there is no grocer in your neighborhood that keeps it, they will send for it on request. Made by the Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

Bleaching Negroes by Electricity.

A physician and scientist of Vienna, Austria, has gone into the business of bleaching negroes by electricity. The first man on whom he tried the experiment is still a resident of Vienna and is kept as a sort of example to whom prospective patients may be referred. It is said that several African princes have recently taken the treatment and have come out white. The process is an electrical one, though the details of its application are kept secret. It is known, however, that the current is so applied as to kill the pigment cells, which lie in the third or lowest layer of cells of which the skin is composed. The only fault found with the process is that it leaves patients with the complexion of albinos.

Beer in Mortar.

Three hundred years ago, in England, it was customary to add beer to mortar to produce the required consistency. It was asserted that the beer rendered the mortar more durable than if it were made with water. It is certain that the workmen often tasted the beer, perhaps to convince themselves that it was of the proper strength and flavor.—Pittsburg Post.